



# Dupid...



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## Chapter 1 by Jonas Davis

Hermione gave Harry a meaningful look. She could tell he was hiding something.

Harry sighed. "Alright, fine. My scar started hurting again."

Ron gasped. "Do you think it's.../You Know-/"

"This is why I didn't want to tell you!" Harry snapped. "Because it's always /'Oooh, Voldemort's up to something!/' I really don't need to be his...divining rod-thing right now! Can't Voldemort just time his world-threatening plans at sometime /other/ than exam week?"

It was a beautiful summer day on the grounds of the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. The sun and air called Harry, Ron, and Hermione outside of the library to a hill overlooking the lake. It sadly was not very conducive to studying for finals.

"I dunno, mate," said Ron. "You think we might get exempt if we're busy saving the wizarding world?"

"Ron!" Hermione said. "We can't just use that as an excuse every year!"

"Easy for you to say. Your grades don't..."

Suddenly Harry clutched his head in pain. He felt like his forehead was being torn apart and pushing against his skin.

"Harry! Your scar!"

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"You watch him!" Hermione began bolting for the doors of the castle. "I'll get Dumble--!" But before Hermione could take another step, the mass of skin suddenly shot itself from Harry's head at high speed, sending his body flying into the ground.

Harry blinked the tears away as he gasped for breath. The pain had stopped, and he felt his forehead was back to normal. Ron and Hermione were quickly at his side.

"Mama miaaaa..."

The trio turned to look at the mass, suddenly speaking and revealing itself to be two middle-aged men brightly dressed in matching work uniforms. The one in red got to his feet triumphantly, his mustache blowing in the wind as he stared at Hogwarts.

"C'mon, Luigi! I betcha the Princess is-a in /this/ castle!"

## Chapter 2 by Unusual\_Abby



Jonas copied this from another person. BAD JONAS! >:(

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